

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME IV.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1855.

WHOLE NUMBER 196.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
JOHN W. BARNES & CO.

Office on Washington street, 2d door below the
Washington House, second story.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, ----- 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

Terms of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less), first insertion fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

| | | | |
|----------|-----------------|----------|----------------|
| 1 square | 1 month, \$1.00 | 1 square | 1 year, \$5.00 |
| 1 " 3 | 2.00 | 1 column | 1 " 30.00 |
| 1 " 6 | 3.00 | 1-2 " 1 | 20.00 |

Business Cards, \$3.00 per annum.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—*post paid*.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1855

TIMOTHY FLETCHER, County Clerk and
Register of Deeds, for Ottawa County. Grand
Haven, Mich.

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Pro-
bate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crocker,
Ottawa Co., Mich.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co.,
and Justice of the Peace. Office opposite the
Washington House, over the drug store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, and Solicit-
or in Chancery; also agent for obtaining Boun-
ty Lands, and collecting claims against the Uni-
ted States, in connection with a General Agency
at Washington. Office third door below the
Washington House.

New Wholesale and Retail Bookstore,
Rathbun Buildings, Monroe st., Grand Rapids.

ALL articles in the Book and Stationery line,
Paper Hangings, etc., supplied on the most reason-
able terms.
J. TERNHUSE, Jr.

FERRY & WALLACE, Dealers in Fancy
Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware
and Groceries. Water st., Grand Haven, Mich.

Thos. W. Ferry, Noah H. Ferry.
FERRY & CO., Manufacturers of Lumber, and
Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions,
Shingle-Bolts, and Shingles. White Lake, Oca-
na Co., Mich.

Wm. Preusser, A. Preusser.
WM. PREUSSER & CO., Clock and Watch
Makers, Jewelers, and dealers in Musical Instru-
ments. Particular attention paid to repairing
fine Watches. Monroe street, Grand Rapids,
Michigan.

FOSTER & PARRY, Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and
Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot
of Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. A. TRACY, Notary Public. Steels' Landing,
Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door
west of H. Griffin's store.

R. J. COLLINS, Physician and Surgeon, Mill
Point, Ottawa Co., Mich. Rooms at L. M. S.
Smith's Drug Store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels'
Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Sur-
geon. Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop—
Washington street.

FERRY & SONS, Forwarding and Commis-
sion Merchants. Central Dock, Grand Haven,
Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers
in Lumber, Shingles, Staves, Wood and Timber.
Grand Haven, Feb. 23, 1854.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington street, second door west of H. Griffin's
store.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crocker, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c. At the Post office, corner of
Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchants; general dealers
in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and
Provisions; manufacturers and dealers whole-
sale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill
Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crocker, Boots and
Shoes, &c. Muskegon, Mich.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By Henry Pennoyer.
The proprietor has the past spring newly
fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and
feels confident visitors will find the House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.

HORACE MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker.
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Shop one door below the
Washington House.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Commission Merchant and
General Agent, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and
Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries,
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c., &c., at his old
stand opposite the Washington House, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

CROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counsel-
or at Law. All business intrusted to me will be
promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Resi-
dence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co. Mich.

R. M. MITCHELL & CO., Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, Fire Proof Brick Ware-
house, Nos. 192 and 194 South Water Street,
Chicago, Ill. Goods received and forwarded to
Grand Haven with dispatch, and at the lowest
figure. Cash advances made on consignments.

A. B. BIDWELL & SON, Confectionery and
Bakery, Grand Rapids, Mich. C. B. Albee agent
for Grand Haven and vicinity.

CLOTHING, a choice stock of the latest styles
just received by
F & W.

For the Grand River Times.

THE PARTING HOUR.

BY VIOLET VERNON.

The hour is up! and I must go!
God only knows the bitter woe
That's hid in this young heart!
Oh! must I leave my childhood home,
And in a land of strangers roam?
My father! must we part?

Weep not for me when I am gone;
For He who keeps the weak, and lone,
Shall be my God and guide;
He listens to the heartfelt sigh;
He hears the ravens when they cry:
No evil can betide!

I will recall, in after years,
Thy fond farewell, and burning tears,
My sadness to beguile;
Now dry thy sad and tearful eye,
And calmly say thy last "good bye!"
O, bless thy sorrowing child!

Dear sisters, weep not for my sake!
It seems this swelling heart must break;
My anguish none can tell!
Ah! now I know "tis hard to part!"
God nerve my wildly beating heart
That I may say farewell!

Long years must pass ere we again
Together roam the hill and plain!
Perhaps we'll never stand
Beside the consecrated mound
Where mother sleeps beneath the ground,
In this, my native land!

But when you wander there alone,
And hear the gentle night winds moan,
While listening to its voice,
Memory will bring me back again
To rove with you o'er hill and plain;
Then let your heart rejoice!

Shed no sad tears when I'm away;
I shall not need them as I stray;
I shall be stronger then!
Truth shall my creed forever be,
Hope's day-star kindly shine on me,
And Heaven will befriend!

The hour is past! and I must go!
Alas! these pangs of parting woe
Will bring a tear, and sigh!
God bless you, father! sisters dear!
One word, one parting word to cheer!
My friends! my home! good bye!

For the Grand River Times.

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

"No, no! I will not love you! I do not
love papa for bringing you here! You are
not my mama; my mama is buried up in
the ground! O, my poor, dear mama!"

And the little lips quivered, and a sigh came up
from that little trembling heart.

"I put some pretty flowers on her grave
this morning, and I will go and sit there now,
so that no naughty children may take them
away; and the child-mourner went forth in
the soft moonlight to weep, alone, by her
mother's grave.

Mournfully the eyes of the step-mother
followed that little receding form, until it was
lost among the green foliage.

"Poor Nettie!" said she, "how lonely
and desolate must be that little heart of thine!
O, if you would only let me love you! If
you would let me weep with you!"

Mary Lane had not been unacquainted
with grief. Many a bright summer had shed
its light and scattered its flowers over her
mother's grave; and many a time had the
gentle night-queen seen her weeping there.

She loved the sorrowing child that Providence
had placed under her care; but in vain
she sought to lighten the burden of grief that
was pressing on her little heart; the child
still mourned, and refused to be comforted.

Hope almost died in her heart, that night,
when little Nettie declared "she would not
love her!" but she determined to make one
more effort; and raising her heart to her
Heavenly Friend for his holy influence to di-
rect her, and soften the heart of the child,
she directed her steps towards the "consecra-
ted dell."

It was a sad, sad picture; one from which
an angel might turn sorrowing away. Little
Nettie, kneeling on that grassy mound,
her tiny hands clasped tightly over her heart;
her sweet, tearful face raised towards heaven.

It was a picture of childhood's first sorrow,
plainly defined in the soft moonbeams.

As she approached, a low sob broke the
death stillness, and that sweet voice came
forth like a wail on the night air: "Oh,
mama! mama! come and take Nettie away!
she can not live here, now, with no one to
love her!"

Oh, how the heart of that young step-
mother yearned to take that little trembling
form in her arms, and tell her how much she
loved her; how she longed to make her happy.
She did not approach the child, but sat
down in the shadow of a wide-spreading tree
and commenced singing, in her low, sweet
voice:

"Dear little Nettie, thy father still loves thee;
He waits for thee now, 'neath the shade tree,
alone;
He is sad, very sad when his daughter is weeping;
O, smile, little Nettie, and gladden his home.
Weep not, little darling, weep no more for thy
mother!
God in his goodness has called her above;
He thought it a kindness to give thee another;
Say not, little one, that you have nothing to love.
Come away, darling, come! the night-shades are
falling,
And laden with dew is the cool evening air;
Come, leave off thy weeping, and list to my call-
ing;
Come away to thy home, thy father is there!"

Ere the sound died away, two little arms
were clasped around her neck, and little Net-
tie was kissing the tears from her cheek:
"Oh, mama! Nettie has been so wicked; you
can never love her again!" and the little re-
penting one looked timidly into her eyes.

The young mother did not speak; she
pressed the child still closer to her heart, and
silently thanked God that he had answered
her prayer.

She little suspected that the husband and
father had witnessed this scene. He stooped
down, and pressing a kiss on the brow of
his young wife, exclaimed with tears of grati-
tude, "God bless you, my dear Mary!"

VIOLET VERNON.

Grand Haven, June 14, 1855.

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

We have no doubt that a rigorous land-
lord, having sharked it all the week screwing
and griping among his tenants, would be bet-
ter pleased to doze through an able gospel
sermon on divine mysteries, than to be kept
awake by a practical sermon that might treat
of the duties of a Christian landlord. A bro-
ker who has gambled on a magnificent scale
all the week, does not go to church to have
his practical swindling analyzed and measur-
ed by the "New Testament" spirit. Cate-
chism is what he wants—doctrine is to his
taste.

A merchant, whose last bale of smug-
gled goods was safely stored on Saturday
night, and his brother merchant, who, on the
same day, swore a false invoice through the
custom house—they go to church to hear a
sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection.
They have nothing invested in those subjects;
these expect the minister to be bold and or-
thodox. But if he wants respectable mer-
chants to pay ample pew rents, let him not
vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commer-
cial subjects.

A rich Christian brother owns largely in a
distillery, and is clamorous about letting down
the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance ser-
mons. Another man buys tax titles, and no-
ses about all the week to see who can be slip-
ped out of a neglected lot. A mechanic who
plies his craft with the unscrupulous appliance
of every means that will win, he too, wants
"doctrine" on the Sabbath, not these secular
questions. Men wish two departments in life
—the secular and the religious. Between
them a high wall and opaque is to be built.
They wish to do just what they please for six
long days. Then stepping on the other side
of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage
their fears, to comfort their conscience, and
furnish them a clear ticket and insurance for
heaven. By such a shrewd management, our
modern financiers are determined to show
that a christian can serve two masters, both
God and Mammon, at the same time.

[Rev. H. W. Beecher.]

EXCHANGING WIVES.—A late number of
the *Eastern Clarion*, published at Paulding,
Miss., gives an account or a swap negotiated
in that vicinity by two of its subscribers, and
vouches for the truth of the story. The chat-
tels which changed owners were nothing less
than the wives of the parties, who were on
the eve of emigrating, as they eventually did
the one to Alabama and the other to Texas.
The *Clarion* refrains from giving the real
names of the faithless Benedicts, and calls
them "Obadiah" and "Dick," but records the
circumstances of the transaction—how they
went into the woods, sat down on a log, and
entered upon the business; how they came
near spoiling the trade because Obe's wife
was a "younger critter by a dozen years;"
and how, after much chaffing, the differ-
ence was finally equalized by the generous
proposal of Dick to give, in the way of boot,
"a cow and calf, two goats, an old gun, and
an ox-bell." The respective children of the
two mothers remained with their respective
fathers, and with their strangely acquired step-
mothers, followed them to the States of their
adoption.

A western correspondent of *Zion's Herald*,
in describing the stingy habits of the people
of his ilk, when called upon to assist in be-
nevolent works, relates the following amusing
story—

One of our friends, a generous North Car-
olinian, was called on by a railroad agent,
who was soliciting stock along the line. He
had a fine farm and plenty of money, and
listened with an animated countenance to the
glowing detail of blessings likely to be realiz-
ed from the proposed railroad. The agent
made an elegant palaver, and thought he had
won our friend and his money, when he sud-
denly got his eye teeth-cut in this wise—

"Why, yes," said the good old farmer, "I
know it is wonderful, it must be a powerful
thing, them air railroads—they run like Je-
hu. Surely, I go in for it; I subscribe some-
thing others to sich things."

"How much stock will you take, sir?" said
the elated solicitor.

"Why, you may put me down fifty cents,"
was the magnificent reply.

Mount Vesuvius was vomiting forth fire,
smoke and lava at an unprecedented rate dur-
ing the early part of last month. It was an
object of great curiosity to all Naples, includ-
ing the King and Court.

TAKING A CLERGYMAN AT HIS WORD.—A
certain preacher of Universalism had been
preaching Universalism to the community in
a country school house for several successive
Sundays, to convince the people there was no
hell. At length it was announced that at
his next meeting a collection would be taken
for his benefit. The day arrived, and the
collection was taken up in a hat. When the
"deacon" had passed through the congrega-
tion, and given all an opportunity to contribu-
te, he returned to the desk and gravely em-
ptied the contents of the hat upon the desk
before the preacher. And such a "collection!"
A few coppers, with old buttons, pieces of tin,
broken jewsharps, horse-nails, and almost ev-
ery other worthless thing that a man could
carry to church in his pocket! The preacher
was thunderstruck; but recovering his self-
possession in a moment, and gazing upon the
"collection" before him, exclaimed, "Well, I
am not so certain whether there is a hell or
not, but I am certain there ought to be one
for such fellows as you are;" and taking his
hat he left the house.

[Columbian South Carolinian.]

GOOD SENSE.—The *New York Times* in
the course of "A column of talk for Men on
Small Wages," has this orthodox paragraph
on the subject of dress:

"Then as to dress, it is great nonsense to
say that all must dress fashionably or lose
caste. What is fashion? Who wears a fash-
ionable coat, and how do you know that it is
the fashion? Tell us one substantial mer-
chant, one thrifty mechanic, one successful
lawyer, or one gentleman who wears it, and
we will name ten of each, equally noted and
successful, who do not, and ten fops whom
you utterly despise that do. The fashion in
New York for men just now, requires a clean
decent garment, and no patches on it—no
more no less. A lady might wear her grand-
mother's shawl in Broadway, and not be no-
ticed. The timid ones, and those just in from
other cities and villages, alone are worried
about their looks when they wear a last win-
ter's bonnet to the lecture or to church. Let
the young imitate the substantial and com-
mon-sense, rather than those who are keep-
ing up appearances at a sacrifice." It will be
a saving in this item.

KEEPING HIS VOW.—When Henry Clay
was nominated for President, one of his ar-
dent admirers in the excitement of the can-
vass threw down his hat and declared anoth-
er should never cover his head nor should
scissors, knife or any such thing touch his hair
until Harry Clay was fairly seated in the
Presidential chair. He has kept that vow in-
violable, and does not believe himself relieved
of its solemnity even when the object of his
admiration lies under the sods of the valley.
We saw him yesterday, his long, tangled locks
drifting about his honest, weather beaten face,
and though the sun had borrowed the heat
of midsummer he heeded it not. He appears
to have had many years of health and hard
labor before him, but though his age equal
Methuselah's, the hard eye, firm set lip, and
unyielding expression of his countenance as-
sures even the casual observer, that he will
keep the vow solemnly made, until he shall be
mingled dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

[Detroit Dem. & Inq.]

A new American manufacture, that of
plate glass, has been commenced in Williams-
burg, N. Y., where plates of glass ten feet
wide, and twenty feet long will be made.—
A plate ten feet square can be made so strong
that it will hold a ton weight, and so clear
that we could read the fine print of a news-
paper, through a piece four inches thick. It
is a singular fact that the best English plate
is made from American sand. With New
Jersey, possessing the proper raw material in
so remarkable a degree, it is singular that
this article has been so long imported.

WITTY REPLY.

John's wife and John were *tele-a-tele*—
She witty was, industrious he:
Says John, "I've earn'd the bread we eat"—
"And I," said she, "have urn'd the tea."

PREPARE FOR A STORM.—A few nights ago
a Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his
glass and a pipe, on going home late, borrow-
ed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue
was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly
spread out the *parapluie*.

"What are you going to do with that
thing?" said she.

"Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy
storm, to-night, and so I came prepared."

In less than two minutes, Mrs. Bodkin was
asleep.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FICTION AND FACT.

—We mentioned some days ago the finding
of a gold boulder, supposed to contain 200
pounds of gold and to be worth \$60,000, at
Chip's Diggings. The *Sierra Citizen* says:
The great boulder we read of, which turned
up last week at Smith's Diggings, and re-
ported by the *California Express*, as contain-
ing 200 pounds of gold, turns out to be worth
\$160 68 cents! The *stun* was as big as a
pork-barrel; the mistake was altogether in re-
lation to the gold.

The Maine Liquor Law went into effect in
Delaware on the 3d inst.

A LAWYER NON-PLUSSED.

The following anecdote, which is said to be
literally true of an eminent New Bedford
lawyer, recently deceased, was contributed
some years since to the *Knickerbocker*. As,
however, all the details were not given, and
an assumed name given to the chief actors,
we will relate it more fully here.

The lawyer in question, who was then
quite young, was retained as advocate in a
case, on which, not feeling himself suffic-
iently prepared to plead, he was very desirous
of obtaining a postponement. As, however, the
Court had already protracted its session be-
yond the usual period in consequence of an
unusual amount of business, and of course the
jury were getting impatient to be released
from their duress, he was well aware that it
would be impossible to procure such a post-
ponement, unless he could allege some extra-
ordinary cause.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the result
proved, he had a lively imagination, and had
quickly formed a plan which he was sure would
be successful.

Rising with his handkerchief to his eyes, he
addressed the Court in great apparent emo-
tion:

"May it please the Court, I have just heard
of the dangerous illness of my venerable moth-
er, who is lying at the point of death. Un-
der such circumstances, much as I regret pro-
tracting an already lengthened session, I must
request that this case be postponed. My
feelings are so powerfully agitated that I
should be unable to do justice to the case, feel-
ing as I do that my proper place is at the bed-
side of my mother."

The pathetic appeal was completely suc-
cessful. A feeling of earnest sympathy for the
afflicted counsel pervaded all hearts, and the
jurors, though anxious to return to their
families, were not sufficiently hard of heart
to wish to have the business of the Court
proceed at such a sacrifice of personal feel-
ings.

The Judge, who was a tender-hearted man,
had risen, and was about to grant the request
of the counsel, when the deep hush was broken
by a shrill voice, which proceeded from a
lady in a Quaker bonnet, who was bending
over the railing of the gallery. It was the
mother of the eloquent counsel, who, so far
from being at the point of death, came, with-
out her son's knowing of it, to hear him
plead.

"Timothy, Timothy," she exclaimed in a
voice which could be heard all over the house,
"Timothy, Timothy, how often have I chas-
tised thee for lying!"

It is needless to say that the court room
fairly shook with laughter, and the eloquent
counsel—the late Timothy Coffin, as perhaps
our readers have conjectured—sat down com-
pletely non-plussed.

The case wasn't postponed.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.—The *N. H.*
Telegraph is of the opinion that an editor
who cannot stop right in the middle of one of
the finest trains of thought, that he is putting
on paper, to minute the dimensions of a huge
pumpkin, write an advertisement for a dog
lost, to enter the name of a new subscriber,
or receive pay for an old one, to take a cow-
hiding for something he has said, and after
all resume the thread of his discourse, and
carry out the idea in its original force and
beauty, is next to no editor at all.

GO AHEAD.

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead!
Scale them—as you surely can,
Let them proudly dare the skies;
What are mountains to a man!
Go ahead!

Mr. John O. Harrison, of Ottawa, in this
county, had his dwelling house burned to the
ground on Tuesday, the 8th inst. He went
the same day to Milwaukee and purchased
lumber for a new one; the neighbors turned
to and helped to put it up, and on Wednes-
day night, the day after the fire, the outside
work of a good frame building was completed,
and the family moved into it in time to get
tea for the workmen.

[Waukesha Plaindealer, 22d.]

The *Buffalo Republic* has a report from
Washington that Ex-Presidents Van Buren,
Fillmore and Tyler are to meet in London to
act, by authority of this Government, as me-
diators between the Allies and Russia. The
report says President Tyler will go out in the
next steamer. This is announced as a "se-
cret;" and it is probable that it will always
remain a "secret."

Our exchanges say that Geo. W. Beards-
lee, the basswood paper man, has satisfactori-
ly completed his experiments, and is about to
throw the article into market. Hope it will
reduce the price of paper.

A Mr. Eckstein, in Cincinnati, pays \$20
fine every Monday morning for selling soda
water on Sunday. The *Sun* says his receipts
on that day are over \$80, on which there is a
profit of \$60, which after paying the fine,
leaves a clear gain of \$40.

Geologically speaking, says Hood, the
rock upon which hard drinkers split is quartz.